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- ART. I. — 1. *Proposta di alcune Correzioni ed Aggiunti al Vocabolario della Crusca* [di VINCENZO MONTI]. In 3 Volumi. Milano : 1817 — 1824. 8vo.
2. *Storia d'Italia*, di CARLO BOTTA. In 14 Volumi. 8vo.
3. *Elementi di Filosofia*, di PASQUALE GALUPPI. In 5 Volumi. 12mo.
4. *Collezione degli Scritti sulla Dottrina della Ragione*, di GRANDOMENICO ROMAGNOSI. In 2 Volumi. 8vo.

THE forms of national developement are as various as the features of national character. Essentially the same in their origin and in their progress, they both should be judged by the same laws and studied upon the same principles. The first step is the collection of facts ; and, after this preparation, we are at liberty to follow out our conclusions to the utmost extent, that the rules of sober induction will warrant. The action of similar causes upon material objects is necessarily followed by similar results. And if this principle, the source of such sublime discoveries in physical science, has not as yet been applied with equal success to the investigation of intellectual phenomena, the failure must be attributed not to the law itself, but to the peculiar nature of the subject to which our observations are directed. An object seen at a distance, and through the mist and haze of evening, may

assume a form different from its own, and give rise to deceptions, which nothing but a nearer approach can remove. But, to dissipate the mists and delusions of the mind ; to bring the eye of intellect close to its own operations ; and then direct it, purified and strengthened by this internal study, to the examination of men and of nations, acting upon a broad field and swayed by every variety of motives, some peculiar to the individual and some to the epoch, is a task, which philosophy, although she has labored for ages, has thus far but imperfectly accomplished.

In part, however, her labors have not been fruitless, and some laws have been discovered of sufficiently sure and general application to warrant the use of them as of fixed and undeniable truths. Among these the first, both in order and in importance, is that far-reaching principle, which, in judging of nations, refers to the state of their intellectual culture as the test and token of their destiny. Other forms of development are more immediately dependent upon external causes. Agriculture may prosper or languish, according as it is favored or discouraged by the division of the soil and the views of the government. Manufactures and commerce are the products of situation and of circumstances ; and all of these, although they furnish important data for the study of nations, should be considered as effects, rather than as causes. But poetry, philosophy, art, proceed directly and solely from the mind, and afford, if rightly studied, unerring testimonials of the nature of their source. Circumstances may favor their growth, but cannot create them. Their source lies deep below the surface ; and, whether it pour forth a broad and sweeping stream, or glide in silence through the retired vale and unfrequented recesses of life, the springing flower and verdant bank reveal the secrets of its course.

If the application of this principle be as extensive as we have supposed, it necessarily follows, that in those countries, which are politically dependent, the state and tendency of intellectual pursuits is almost the only standard by which their character and their hopes can be estimated. Of all that they possess, their literature is the only treasure that they can truly call their own. Here alone the mind is free to follow its own impulses. Here the poet may utter laments which all others must suppress, and the philosopher nearly forget the

miseries of the present as he weaves with his own hand a brighter wreath into the inevitable destinies of his country.

It is with a firm conviction of the soundness of the principle which we have advanced, that we venture to invite the attention of our readers, to a general view of the state and direction of studies in Italy, during the first thirty-eight years of the present century. And, if we should succeed in placing this subject in a clearer light, and one more honorable to the Italians, than it is generally represented in, we shall feel better entitled to call upon our countrymen to pause and weigh their judgment of a country which receives them with marked partiality ; which breathes its reviving air into the very hearts of their sick and their wearied ; which stores their memories with ennobling recollections ; and which only asks of them in return, that they should not judge her in haste or in prejudice, or that at least they should draw a veil over her errors, and drop a tear at the tale of her misfortunes.

There are many facts in general as well as in individual history, which derive much of their importance from the circumstances under which they occur. Even trifles become interesting when they serve as indications of character. What can seem more ridiculous than a Demosthenes in his vault, his head half shorn, and wasting day and night in the servile copying of the writings of another ? or on the seashore, straining his voice until it became audible amidst the dash and roar of the waves ? But what more sublime than the same Demosthenes in the presence of the multitude, guiding at will the impetuous torrent of human passion, and calling into life, by the force of his eloquence, feelings long lost in sloth and in corruption ? And, to bring the comparison more directly to the subject before us, what can appear more trivial, than that grave men should have passed the most precious years of life in the study of words and phrases, carefully sifting idiom from idiom, and apparently with no higher aim than correctness of diction ? But if it be true, that the loss of national idiom is the lowest point of degradation to which a people can sink ; that, when every other tie has been dissolved, language forms a bond of union even for the coldest and most insensible ; and that there is something so peculiar in the character of every tongue as to preserve a cast of nationality even amid all the diversities of individual style ; this

study of words becomes the most powerful expression of the love of country.

It is difficult to fix with precision, the epoch, in which the Italian language had reached the lowest state of corruption to which it has ever fallen, or to name, indeed, any period, in which the study of it in its purity has not been pursued with a certain share of success. Even during the last century we find writers, who, for force, grace, and purity of expression, are deservedly ranked with the first names of her literature ; and, what is of still more importance for the light in which we are viewing the subject, men not less distinguished for the intrinsic value than for the elegance of their productions.

But the example of a few individuals, however eminent, was not sufficient to put a full stop to the progress of corruption. The multitude continued to speak and to write as if a mere change of words were a change of language. A society of lively and ingenious philosophers, the celebrated authors of the *Caffè*, undertook to defend their principles with the weapons of wit, of satire, and of philosophy. Even they who tried hardest and wrote with most care, could not always avoid those foreign infusions of thought and manner which tinctured the productions of their contemporaries ; and, that nothing might be wanting to make the triumph complete, the art of corruption was reduced to general laws, and the student taught how far, and according to what rules, he might take the formation of his language into his own hands. The defence of their antagonists was often feeble, always dry ; and what, indeed, could they reply to the odious appellation of *purist* and *pedant* ; that logic of general terms, which so happily comprises in one sweeping appellation whatever you choose to attribute to your adversary of ludicrous or of vile. This controversy was continued with unabated bitterness through the first twenty years of the present century ; nor, during any portion of that period, would it have been possible to say, on which side the balance would eventually turn. A fortunate union of rare and diversified talent has at length brought it to a point, which, if it does not amount to a positive decision, has at least placed it in its true light, and leaves but little to apprehend for the future.

It is not so much with a view to the order of merit, as to that of time, that we place first in our catalogue the name of

Antonio Cesari. This indefatigable philologist was born in Verona, on the 18th of January, 1760. An early propensity to retirement called him to the cloister, and at the age of eighteen he assumed the robe of the congregation of the Oratorio. If the life of a man of letters be proverbially monotonous, what can be expected of one who, to the quiet of the study, added the still deeper seclusion of the convent? The shocks and turmoil of an age of revolutions produced but a transient change in the pursuits of Cesari. He was absorbed in the study of his beloved *trecentisti*. To renew that golden period of the Italian language, he labored night and day through the whole of a protracted life. He composed, he compiled, he translated, he edited. And when, at the close of his career, he looked around upon what he had proposed and upon what he had accomplished, we would venture to say, that he died contented; for his task was done, and his harvest was white for the reaper. He died on the 1st of October, 1828.

Contemporary with Cesari, at times his friend and at others his foe, but still concurring with him, although upon different principles, in the same undertaking, was the celebrated Vincenzo Monti. Poet, critic, philologist, impetuous in his feelings, and no less so in the expression of them; with an imagination which seemed to glow by its own spontaneous action, and a richness of language and of imagery which, notwithstanding the severity of his taste, sometimes degenerated into exuberance; nothing was wanting to the success of Monti, but that he should have been born in an epoch less rigid in its requirements, and more disposed to pardon the sins of the imagination. He began his studies with what he always considered as the fountain head of Italian eloquence, the study of Latin; and it was thus that he laid the foundation of that pure taste, which, in an age of almost universal corruption, led him back to the classics of his native tongue. Some juvenile compositions, already distinguished by their departure from the prevailing style of the period, won him the favor and protection of Cardinal Borghese, by whose invitation and under whose auspices he removed to Rome. It was at this period, and before he had completed his nineteenth year, that his poetical career may be said to have had its beginning; and his reputation, supported by various productions, one, at least,

of which may still be classed among the most beautiful of his poems, went on rapidly increasing, until the publication of the "Aristodem" and the "Bassvilliana" placed him among the first poets of his age.

Although he had been the eulogist of Pius the Sixth, and had branded, in the indignant verses of the "Bassvilliana," the wild excesses of the French revolution, Monti, young, enthusiastic, and fresh from the study of the ancients, was easily led astray by those brilliant hopes, which, if they had deceived the cool, the calculating, and the philosophic, could hardly fail to dazzle one who had no other guide than his imagination and his heart. After the fall of the Cisalpine Republic he was constrained to seek a refuge in Savoy; and one who was a sharer in them has described to us the horrors of that exile. It was in a beautiful grove near Chamberry, that he composed the greater part of the "Mascheroniana" and the "Cajo Gracco"; works which breathe a stern and masculine eloquence and a tone of elevated thought to which he never afterwards attained. Restored once more to his native land by the battle of Marengo, he passed through various offices, all of them literary. He was professor at Pavia; connected with the ministry of the interior, for the direction of literature and the arts; and finally, poet-laureate and royal historiographer. During this last period he completed the translation of the "Iliad." Upon the fall of Napoleon, he was again compelled to tune his lyre in unison with the new order of things; nor did he do it with all that dignity and reserve, which the world requires in so great a man. It was shortly after the return of the Austrians, that he began the "Proposta"; a work arid and fatiguing from its subject, but which the magic of his style and the profoundness of his philosophy render attractive even to those, who have but little taste for the questions which it treats. The controversies to which this work gave rise, must have embittered the last years of his life, although on no occasion had the triumph of his genius been more complete. But the heaviest blow that he received, since it was one for which he could find no compensation in his literary fame, was the loss of his son-in-law and fellow-laborer, the Count Giulio Perticari. Towards the close of his days, he resumed a work which he had planned many years before, and in which he had undertaken to celebrate

the labors of Pius the Sixth in the Pontine Marshes. An apoplectic fit, with which he was seized in the month of April, 1826, found him near the termination of his poem; but, although he continued to live until October of 1838, it was rather as a long farewell to life, than life itself.

The Count Giulio Perticari was born at Savignano, on the 15th of August, 1779, and died on the 26th of June, 1822. He filled several offices, municipal as well as literary, but the greater part of his brief career was devoted to letters. His connexion with Monti, whose daughter he had married, was probably the immediate cause of the active part he took in the great philological dispute of his age; and the two treatises, which fill parts of the first and second volumes of the "*Proposta*," are his best claim to the thanks of posterity.

We have thus grouped together the three principal promoters of the reform of the Italian language. Strict justice would require the mention of several others who bore an almost equal part in the same noble enterprise; Botta, whose example has done what could never have been accomplished by precept alone; Giordani, Colombo, Grassi, Niccolini, Costa, to say nothing of the mere grammarians and an infinity of others, who wrote in the controversy of the "*Proposta*." This long contest, unlike most literary disputes, must be judged by its results; and to those who, considering it from this point of view, compare the actual state of the Italian language with the degradation and the corruption into which it had fallen during the last two centuries, it will be evident, that there has been a general return to purity of idiom, and, through this, to purity of taste, which can be attributed to no other cause. No Italian would venture at the present day to hazard such opinions as degrade many of the pages of the *Caffè*, and few, if any, now dare to present themselves to the public, without having studied long and deeply in the classics of their native tongue. How far this study, how far the meditation of Dante, of Machiavelli, of Guicciardini, of Galileo, and the others of that bright constellation of immortals who have enriched the world with the purest models of thought and of expression, will contribute towards the formation of a pure Italian and national tone of thinking and of language, is a question too easily solved to require any illustration of ours.

The study of history is the second branch to which we



should refer, as indicative of the actual state of letters in Italy ; and here, again, we shall select a few names, though at the hazard of passing over many almost equally deserving of mention.

And in the first rank we shall place a work which, while it serves as a proof of the general correctness of our position, serves at the same time as a striking confirmation of what we had occasion to advance in a former paper, concerning the nature of the love which an Italian bears for literature.\* We mean to speak of the "*Documenti di Storia Italiana*," of Giuseppe Molini. Such of our readers as have visited Florence will probably remember the bookstore of this gentleman. Some of them, perhaps, may remember Molini himself, his open, strongly-marked countenance, his rare intelligence, and the prompt delight with which he unfolds the treasures of his bibliographical lore for the guidance and instruction of every inquirer. But few know him as a scholar of merit, and as a judicious and patient collector of the historical records of his country. Such, however, he has proved himself in the two volumes to which we refer, and as such, he deserves to be classed among the lasting benefactors of Italian history.

The two volumes which compose the collection of Molini, contain four hundred and fifty-eight documents, all of which he copied with his own hand from the originals, which lie scattered through the immense libraries of Paris. They consist of letters both public and private, despatches, treaties, and general and special instructions, extending from 1404 to 1572, one of the most eventful epochs of modern story. This important accession to the materials of Italian history has become doubly valuable, through the labors of the Marquis Gino Capponi, of Florence. The exact and luminous annotations, which he has affixed to each document, can be duly estimated by those alone who have been engaged in similar investigations ; but no one can read them, and more particularly the magnificent dissertation upon Andrea Doria, and the causes and the effects of his emancipation of Genoa, without being convinced, that, should the health of the noble author be spared, we shall ere long be able to add one more name, and that of the highest order, to the imperishable roll of Italian historians.

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\* *North American Review*, Vol. . p . 337, et seq.

Another work, singularly illustrative of the zeal with which the Italians of the present age have devoted themselves to the study of history in its sources, is the history of the celebrated families of Italy, by the Count Pomponio Litta ; a work still in the course of publication, and which, from the immensity of the field over which it spreads, the profound and perplexing researches upon which it is based, and the completeness and accuracy of its execution, would seem beyond the compass of any single life.

Yet these works are but the materials of history, which philosophy, power of narration, and skill in portraying character, can alone render pleasing and instructive to the general reader. And in this department no age of Italian literature stands higher than the present. This portion of our subject is one of peculiar interest, and requires more ample illustration.

Carlo Giuseppe Guglielmo Botta was born at San Giorgio Canavese, in Piedmont, on the 6th of November, 1766. His father was Ignatius Botta ; the family name of his mother was Boggio. He received the first rudiments of his education in his native village, and under the eye of his parents ; discovering at a very early period a decided taste for study, and a singular facility in learning languages. The dialects spoken in Piedmont, are, as our readers are doubtless aware, among the most corrupt of all Italy, so that the necessity of studying as a foreign tongue, the only language in which they can hope to earn distinction as writers, is, with the Piedmontese, superadded to the ordinary difficulties of elementary studies.\* Fortunately for Botta, the class books then in use in the royal schools of Piedmont, were enriched with many judicious selections from the purest Tuscan authors, well suited to catch the attention of a child of quick parts ; so that, with his natural propensity to the study of language, he could hardly fail to imbibe that fondness for purity of diction, which it is so difficult to acquire in any but the earlier periods of life. In him this taste was confirmed by the lessons of Tenivelli, his master in rhetoric, to whose memory he has consecrated one of the most touching episodes in his history of Italy. Having

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\* The same observation applies to almost every other part of Italy, except Tuscany and Rome.

completed his course of rhetoric, he entered the class of philosophy in Turin, where he continued two years, until his admission into the provincial college of that capital. He there devoted himself to the study of medicine, a science which might almost be called hereditary in his family, for it had been the profession of his ancestors for three successive generations. Of all the subsidiary branches of medical science, that which most attracted his attention was botany ; a partiality, which he in a great measure attributed to the lessons of Ignazio Molineri, at that time director of the botanical garden of Turin. His progress in it also would seem to have been more than ordinary, as far, at least, as can be judged from the descriptions in his "*History of Corfu*," the only work in which he was led by the nature of his subject to scientific investigations. But other cares and studies of a very different order engaged his maturer years ; and though, towards the close of his life, he still spoke of it with fondness, and as the source of many youthful pleasures, as a science he had nearly forgotten it.

Nor did he allow himself to be induced, by the gravity of his professional pursuits, to neglect the cultivation of his taste in writing, and the study of the Italian classics. Redi, himself a physician as well as a profound naturalist, and who has embellished even his driest researches with the charms of a graceful and lively style, became an especial favorite with Botta, who, although he never attempted to imitate the sprightliness and vivacity of that charming writer, drew from the constant meditation of his works a propriety of terms and elegance of expression in treating of common topics, of which he could nowhere have found a more perfect model. The higher qualities of eloquence, variety, and richness of diction, skill in the modulation of his periods, the power of adapting his manner to the subject, of bending language to the workings of his own feelings, and thus of acting, through this most flexible yet most difficult of materials, upon the feelings of others, he studied in Boccaccio and in Machiavelli ; though all who have read him will acknowledge, that the characteristic attributes of his style, as of that of all great writers, were derived from those of his own mind. His method of reading was peculiar, and shows his fixed determination to obtain command of all the riches of his native tongue. His copies

of Machiavelli, of Boccacio, and, in short, of all his favorite authors, were carefully underlined. Not a word, not a phrase that he thought worthy of remark, was allowed to escape him. This system was carried out into all his reading, and by means of this he succeeded, in spite of the numerous disadvantages under which he labored, in making himself master of so great a variety of forms, that he could always render, in new and striking language, even his slightest shades of thought. The "*Commentari Bibliografici*," a literary journal, which was then publishing at Turin, and to which he contributed, afforded him the first opportunities of trying his strength as a writer; and that he succeeded, at least to the satisfaction of his companions, may be fairly assumed from the fact of his having been chosen to compose in their name, the letter, which, in a moment of youthful enthusiasm, they addressed to the celebrated Paesiello upon his opera of "*Nina*."

At the age of twenty he took his degrees in medicine, and three years afterwards was chosen member of the medical college. Happy could he have continued the peaceful exercise of a profession that he loved. But the stormy period of the French revolution was at hand. Placed on the very verge of the precipice, the Piedmontese government stood trembling and terror-struck, yet unable to avoid the fall. An empty treasury, and discontented subjects, are but poor resources on the eve of a revolution. The principles which were receiving so terrific a developement in France, worked their way into Piedmont, in spite of the zealous precautions of power. But with them came the evils of all similar epochs, jealousy, suspicion, spies, and false accusations. Poor Botta was one of the first to feel their effects. He was accused of republicanism, arrested, and held in close confinement in the public prison. Cut off in the spring of life, not only from the society of his friends, but from the hopes of youth, subjected to long and perplexing examinations, where a false step, a single mistake, might bring him to the scaffold; condemned to drag on day after day, in the cold, gloomy, heart-sickening solitude of a dungeon, had his mind been cast in a common mould, it would have sunk under the pressure of such accumulated misfortunes. As it was, the iron entered deep into his soul, and, even at the distance of forty years, it was but seldom, and with evident pain, that he reverted to

those days of trial. The companions of his solitude, and his sole consolation, were a copy of Guicciardini, a treatise of mathematics, and Tristram Shandy. It was to this epoch, and to the assiduous study of the great Florentine, that he ever afterwards attributed the origin of his passion for history. Meanwhile the exertions of his friends were unremitted. No means were left untried, whether of influence or of entreaty. But all was unavailing. They could not even obtain the privilege of visiting him ; and the doubts and uncertainty, in which he was left to languish, were not among the least of his misfortunes. There was one being, however, whose feelings neither bars nor chains could repress, nor the damps of a dungeon chill. Even the turnkey, hardened by long experience to every variety of woe, was won by her generous devotion, and twice during his captivity was Botta consoled by the visits of his intrepid friend. They alone, who know what Europe then was, can appreciate such an instance of devoted affection.

At length, after a rigorous confinement of eighteen months, his innocence was satisfactorily established, and he was set at liberty. His accuser, one of his former fellow-students and companions, fully convicted of false accusation, was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Yet, though his innocence had been recognised, Turin was no longer a safe residence for one on whom the jealous eye of government had once been fixed ; and, in the struggle which was rapidly approaching, what hopes could there be for a young man but just escaped from the scaffold, and dependent upon his profession for support ? By the advice of his friends he retired into France, and was almost immediately employed as a physician to the army of the Alps.

Here, while actively engaged in the duties of his office, his mind began to yield more sensibly to the bias it had received from the study of Guicciardini. A great question was in agitation before and around him ; and, whatever might be the final decision, it could not but be fraught with important lessons to humanity. It was in the camp, surrounded by the rough and fearless soldiers of the revolution, sharing in the perils of their marches, in the hardships and fatigues of their encampments, that he first studied the scenes and the events, which he afterwards reproduced with such thrilling reality in

his history of his own times. When the army of the Alps had forced its way into Italy, under the guidance of Bonaparte, Botta revisited his native land, and there, in the intervals of professional engagements, and in the classic retreat of Pavia, he composed his first work, a plan for the government of Lombardy ; a work remarkable for the same independence of spirit, and attachment to the positive and the possible, which distinguished all his subsequent productions. Ardent as was his imagination, he never was a slave to it ; and, whatever judgment be passed upon the substance of his opinions, every one must confess, that they were purely his own, and always announced with the frank confidence of sincere conviction. We have had the opportunity, and, well or ill, have availed ourselves of it, of comparing many of the opinions which he uttered at this epoch in the freedom of familiar correspondence, with those which he has recorded in his maturer productions. We have found many changes in his judgments of individuals, some in his hopes of the future, but none in his firm belief in the holiness of those principles around whose banner so large a portion of Europe seemed to have rallied, with a firm resolution to work out their triumph at every hazard.

Towards the close of 1796 he was sent with a division of the army to the Venetian Islands of the Levant, where he wrote his "*Storia Naturale e Medica dell' Isola di Corfù.*" In 1798, the government of Piedmont was overthrown, and the royal family driven into exile. Joubert, to whom the execution of this disgraceful act had been confided by the Directory, and whose virtues certainly deserved a nobler recompense, did all that he could to favor the interests of the country intrusted to his care. It was in this view that he formed a provisional government, composed of native Italians, of which Botta, who was at that time with the army in Valtellia, and was not personally known to the general, was made a member. But that was not the moment, in which a lover of his country, however profound his knowledge, or however ardent his zeal, would have asked to serve her. The aims of the French government were directed to the acquisition, not to the emancipation, of Piedmont ; and the only reward of those, whose services it saw fit to employ as a disguise for its real designs, was that of all who act with

sincerity where deceit is wished for and expected, the loss of the esteem of their fellow-citizens, and of the confidence of their masters. A series of new revolutions ensued. The provisional government gave place to the government of the *reunion*. Then came the Austro-Russian invasion, — the oppression of royalists succeeding to the oppression and peculation of pretended republicans. New armies poured down the Alps to sustain the tottering cause of French independence. Battle followed battle in rapid succession. Meanwhile the plains of Piedmont, a prey to successive devastations, her population thinned by the sword, and her fertile places made desolate, presented on every side one unvaried aspect of haggard want.

Botta, like all those who had been connected either by opinion or by act with the late government, was compelled once more to seek safety under a foreign sky ; and it was at this period, that he first met the poet Monti during his exile at Chamberry. We have not space to enter into the details of this epoch, or paint the sad communion, the solitary walks of the two exiles, whose names were to adorn so bright a page in the history of their country. Fortunately for Botta, his former services had not been forgotten, and Bernadotte, then minister of war, restored him to his post of physician to the army of the Alps.

At length the banners of France again appeared in Italy, under the guidance of their youthful leader, and the battle of Marengo decided for fourteen years the destinies of the fairest portion of Europe. Upon the reëstablishment of the French power in Piedmont, Botta was called to take an active part in the new government, first as member of the "Consulta," then of the "Executive Committee," and finally of the "Board for the general Administration of Piedmont." We shall mention but one act of this portion of his public life. Among the prisoners still languishing in the dungeons of Turin, was the former friend of Botta, he whose false accusation had been the original cause of all his misfortunes. Botta, president in 1801 of the Executive Committee, restored his enemy to freedom, and signed with his own hand the decree for his liberation. In 1803, upon the final union of Piedmont to France, he was sent as a member of the deputation, chosen to thank the French government for the act of union, and

from that period he seems to have looked upon Paris as his home. Shortly after his arrival there, he published his "*Précis Historique de la Maison de Savoie et du Piémont.*"

We hasten to bring to a close this brief abstract of his public life. On the 10th of August, 1804, he was chosen member of the legislature for the department of the Doria ; and on the 28th of October, 1809, was made Vice-President, and again reëlected to the same office in the following year. In December he became a candidate for the questorship ; but, having indulged in some expressions upon the course of government, which were disagreeable to the Emperor, was set aside by express command. On the 3d of January of the next year, he was sent by the Academy of Turin as a member of the deputation chosen to present to Napoleon, in their name, the two last volumes of their memoirs.

The duties of these situations, as is well known to every one acquainted with the history of those days, were merely nominal. This period was dedicated by Botta to those pursuits, which, hitherto, he had only been able to cultivate in moments snatched from graver and less genial occupations. He was already known as an author, and that advantageously, but had not as yet found a subject suited to the display of his wonderful powers of description and narration, and of those stores of practical philosophy, which he had drawn from his brief but rough experience of life.

The first idea of his history of the American Revolution was suggested by a conversation that took place in the house of Madame Manzoni, or as the Italians, out of reverence to the memory of her father, called her, Madama Beccaria. The choicest society in Paris met in the rooms of this lady, and it may readily be supposed that Botta was of the number. One evening the conversation chanced to fall upon the great events of modern history, and their adaptation to epic poetry. The discussion was long and animated, and scarce an event but found its advocate ; but it was at last unanimously decided in favor of our Revolution, as furnishing, of all others, the characters and the incidents most worthy of the sublimity of the epic. Botta returned homewards absorbed in the consideration of the evening's debate. His way led him through that square in the rear of the Tuileries, the name of which is so closely associated with the most horrid excesses of



the French Revolution. "Why," said he to himself, "if it be a fit subject for a poem, should it not be fitter still for a history?" He was pausing unawares near the spot, which a few years before had been wet with the blood of a king, a queen, and the long line of victims of the reign of terror. "It is," said he; "and I will write it." From that moment he devoted himself, with enthusiastic ardor, to the collection of documents, of maps, of books, of private remarks and journals, of whatever, in short, could illustrate the event and give interest and authenticity to his narrative; and in 1809 his work was presented to the public in four volumes, octavo. The concluding pages of the last book, in which he had undertaken to examine the causes which gave to our Revolution an issue so different from that of similar attempts in other countries, were suppressed by the Imperial censor, and have never been published.

This work attracted from its first appearance universal attention, and was immediately reprinted in Italy. The charm of a narrative sustained with unabated vigor through four entire volumes, the poetic warmth of the descriptions, the glowing eloquence of the whole composition, were universally felt and admired. But the language and the style, rigorously formed on the classic models of Italian literature, those models against whose authority the endeavours of so large a portion of the writers of that period were constantly directed, could not meet with the same undivided approbation. The controversy which ensued was long and bitter, though less so, perhaps, than that of the "*Proposta*." The result was equally favorable to the cause of the reform of the Italian language. Botta himself took but a slight part in it, yet a decided one. His opinions had been recorded in his work, and that in a manner too striking to be misunderstood. The corrections which he made in subsequent editions, amount to nothing more than a few notes written in the margin of his own copy; and as for the rest, he quietly awaited the decision of time.

Had he now been at liberty to indulge his own inclinations, he would probably have entered at once upon his "*History of Italy*." But how could he hope to tell, during the reign of Napoleon, the whole story of her wrongs, of her sufferings, and of her betrayal? Anxious, however, to write of Italy,

and unable to do it in any other form, he turned his attention to verse, and composed his poem of "Camillo."

With the fall of Napoleon his trials began anew. The separation of Piedmont from France necessarily deprived him of his rank as representative. His small patrimony was insufficient for the support of his family; and where, in that moment of revolutions, could he look for new resources? To crown all, his wife, the cherished companion of his studies and of his recreations, was slowly sinking under a mortal disease, and fading, day by day, before him. It was then, that, to procure the means of obtaining for her the privilege of breathing once more her native air, he sold to an apothecary, at the price of waste paper, the last six hundred copies of his "*History of the American War.*" Vain effort of self-deluding love! they never met again.

During the hundred days, he was appointed rector of the Academy of Nancy, an office which he lost upon the return of the Bourbons. In 1817, he received a similar appointment at the Academy of Rouen, which he held for nearly five years. During his residence in this city, he arranged the materials which he had long been engaged in collecting for the history of Italy from 1789 to 1814, — an interval which might be called the history of his own times. Upon his return to Paris, he carried with him the manuscript of this work. But who would venture to publish it? He could not, for want of means. A rigid censorship guarded the presses of Italy; and the publishers of Paris saw but little to tempt them in a long history, written in a foreign language. But for the generosity of a private friend, Poggi of Parma, it might still, perhaps, have lain in manuscript and unknown. This gentleman, with a liberality which should never be forgotten by the admirer of Italian literature, printed it at his own expense, in four magnificent quartos. A French translation, and nearly a dozen successive editions, which immediately appeared in almost every part of Italy, and in every variety of form, were sufficient proofs of its success.

But, in the mean while, the author was languishing in Paris from actual want. The loss of his office had left him nearly destitute; and his writings, so productive to others, with the exception of the prize of the Crusca, and the gift of a certain number of copies from Rosini of Pisa, and a set of his own editions by Molini of Florence, by whom his *History* had been

republished, had produced nothing to him. The booksellers afforded a small resource. Several articles for the "*Biographie Universelle*," and the "*History of the People of Italy*," a work in three volumes, which was written in as many months, procured him a temporary relief. We hasten to avert our eyes from this page of misery. In January, 1826, proposals were issued to raise a sum of money sufficient to support Botta during the time that he might require in order to compose a second *History of Italy*, uniting the work of Guicciardini with his own, and to defray the expenses of the publication. In April of the same year he commenced writing, and, before the close of 1830, the work was completed.

It was while he was employed upon this work, that we first became acquainted with him. He was living in a remote quarter of Paris, in humble lodgings, and attended by a single domestic. We found him in the little room which served him both for parlour and study, engaged in correcting the proofs of the second volume. The bust of Sarpi stood upon the table where he wrote, and on the wall hung the portrait of her, whose name is associated with the most interesting moments of his existence. It may have been fact, or it may have been prepossession, but it appeared to us, that there was a commanding dignity in his simple address, which went directly to the heart. His countenance was strongly-marked; and the deep lines of his brow, and the furrows of his cheek, seemed to tell both of study and of age, but perhaps more of sorrow than of either. His forehead was high, and remarkably full; his eye clear, and at times sparkling; the whole cast of his features pleasing, and his aspect generally mild, although there was an expression of singular firmness and decision about his nostrils, which we do not remember to have seen in an equal degree in any other face. Of himself and his works he spoke freely, but with unaffected modesty; the same of his contemporaries; nor had he the least appearance of talking for effect. Every now and then, he startled you with one of those pithy sayings, which he has introduced with so much effect into particular portions of his writings; but they dropped from him so naturally, that it was impossible to suppose them premeditated. He was especially fond of anecdote, and his inexhaustible memory supplied him with a ready store for every topic. Perhaps the graceful and idiomatic language, in which he always clothed

them, would have reminded you of the author, but that there was something so natural in his manner of uttering it, as to take away all appearance of study or of effort.

Not long afterward he paid his last visit to Piedmont. His reception was all that he could have wished, far more than he could ever have hoped for. A liberal pension was settled upon him, and every inducement offered, which seemed likely to win him back to his native land. But there were too many bitter remembrances there, too much uncertainty in the future, for him to think of such a change; and the few years that might yet be granted him, he wished to spend in quiet and in repose. Such, however, was not his destiny; and life, which had already poured forth to him so largely from her cup of sorrow, had still its dregs in store to embitter the cold, brief evening of his days. One of the most painful of all diseases fastened upon him. His nights became sleepless, his days agonizing. He was deprived of exercise and air, unless a short walk, which he could never venture to extend far from his own door, could be called such. Nor had he even the consolation of the society of his children, called in the exercise of their professions to different and distant parts of the world. Still he preserved his cheerfulness and equanimity to the very last; and his letters and his conversation were filled with the same spirit which had animated his happier moments. His Virgil and his Boccacio were constantly by him; nor shall we ever forget the look with which he one day brought to us, in his little study, the music of the "Nina" of Paesiello, and laid it upon a chair with his flute, the companion of long years of ever-varying fortune, his repose in weariness, his solace in trouble, and which even then, as it lay mute before him, seemed to diffuse around a momentary calm, and call up the shadows of departed joys. Towards the close of 1836 his disease increased, and was attended by frequent fevers, that confined him to his bed. In the beginning of the following year his debility became excessive. We have before us letters written from his bed but a few months previous to his decease, and with a hand so feeble as to be hardly legible. In this state he lingered on through the summer of 1837, and finally expired in the month of September. His remains were interred in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, amid the poets, the warriors, the statesmen of modern story. But there is no tomb in that boundless city

of the dead, whether decked with the choicest expressions of sculptured grief, or eloquent from the mere memory of the dust that moulders in its bosom, by which the American should tread with deeper devotion than by the tomb of Botta. And there, too, when the passions and the prejudices of the present shall have passed away, shall the pilgrim from his own sunny clime come to offer up the homage of his tears. As for us who knew and who loved him, this brief tribute, though feeble and unadorned, may not, perhaps, pass unregarded; for it is the expression of feelings formed in the freedom of familiar intercourse, a lingering of memory around days that she would fain recall, and which, from the dim regions of the inexorable past, have left behind them the consoling assurance, that our cares were not all unavailing, and that he felt and appreciated the efforts that we made to smooth away some part of the ruggedness of his pathway to the grave.

We have allowed our pen to run on so freely in the preceding sketch, that we find ourselves constrained to curtail the remarks which we intended to offer upon the literary merits of Botta. The same causes which concurred in giving him so decided a taste for the best writers of his native tongue, led him to view with particular fondness the school in which they had been formed. His profound knowledge of Latin favored the cultivation of this partiality, and enabled him to study at the very sources of classic eloquence. Hence, when he took up his pen for the composition of history, it was with a mind warm from the meditation of Livy, of Tacitus, and of those who, by treading closely in their footsteps, have formed the most durable school of modern history. Thus the form of his works, naturally, — we had almost said, necessarily, — became classic. His narrative is arranged and conducted with consummate art. Sketches, portraits, and full descriptions are disposed at proper intervals, according to the nature and importance of the incident or of the person. If there be an important question to weigh, he puts it into the form of a debate, and makes you a listener to the discussions of the actual heroes of the scene. It is thus that he brings you to the grave deliberations of the Venetian senate, or placing you, as it were, in some hidden recess, discloses to you the midnight councils of a band of conspirators. And often, so powerful is the charm of his eloquence, you feel

excited, chilled, terror-struck, — moved, in short, by turns, with all the feelings that such a scene is calculated to awaken.

His narrations, if compared with those of the great historians of antiquity, will be found to possess two of the highest qualities of which this kind of writing is susceptible ; clearness, and animation. He never wrote until he had completed his study of the event ; and then, by the assistance of a most exact and retentive memory, he wrote it out just in the order in which it arranged itself in his head. He was thus enabled to give his narrative that appearance of unity of conception, which it is impossible to communicate, unless where the mind has, from the very first, embraced the subject in its full extent. The glow of composition, moreover, was never interrupted, and he was free to enter with the full force of his feelings into the spirit of the scenes he was describing. Hence many who deny him others of the higher qualities of an historian, allow him to be one of the most fascinating of narrators.

His descriptions have more of the warmth of poetry in them, than those of any other modern historian with whose works we are acquainted. Here, indeed, he seems to be upon his own ground ; and, whether he describe a battle-field, a midnight assault, a sack, the siege or the storming of a city or of a fortress, — the convulsions, in short, of man or of nature herself, — he is everywhere equally master of his subject. His eye seems to take in the whole at a glance, and seize instinctively upon those points which are best calculated to characterize the scene. If he leaves less to the imagination than Tacitus or Sallust, the incidents that he introduces are so well chosen, that they seize forcibly upon the imagination, and never fail to produce their full effect. His description of the flight of the French exiles from Savoy, of the passages of the Alps by Bonaparte and by Macdonald, of the sack of Pavia, of the siege of Famagosta, and of the earthquake in Calabria, may be cited as equal to any thing that ever was written. Read the taking of Siena by Cosimo the First. You are moved as if you were on the spot, and were witnessing with your own eyes that scene of horror. You can see the band of exiles worn down, emaciated, by watching and by want. The whole story of the past is graved upon their deathlike countenances. As the melancholy train

moves slowly onward, sighs, tears, ill suppressed groans, force their way. They touch even the hearts of the victors. Every hand is stretched out to succour and to console. But grief and hardship have done their work. Their files were thin, when they passed for the last time the gate of their beloved home ; but, ere they reach the banks of the Arbia, many a form has sunk exhausted and death-struck by the way. And, to complete the picture, he adds one little touch, which we give in the original, for the force of the transposition would be lost in English. “*Sapevano bene di aver perduto una patria, ma se un’ altra ne avrebbero trovato, nol sapevano.*”

The portraits of Botta are not equal to the other parts of his writings. No writer ever described character by action better than he ; but, in the uniting of those separate traits which constitute individual character, and those slight and delicate shades which diversify it, he often fails. The same may be said of his views of the general progress of civilization. He never, indeed, loses sight of this capital point ; and some of his sketches, such for example as the whole first book of his “*History of Italy from 1789,*” are admirable ; but the developement of the individual and of society, and their mutual and reciprocal action, are not kept so constantly in view, and made to march on with the body of the narrative, with all that distinctness and precision, which we have a right to expect from so great a writer.

The moral bearing of every event, and of every character, is, on the contrary, always placed in full relief. Here his judgment is never at fault ; and the high and the low, the distant and the near, are alike brought with stern impartiality to answer for their deeds at the tribunal of historical morality. “*O sì,*” he cries, addressing himself, after the relation of one of the most horrid acts ever perpetrated, to those who flatter themselves with the hope, that their greatness will always prove a sufficient screen from the infamy that they deserve, “*infamativi pure co’ fatti, che la storia vi infamerà co’ detti.*” And nowhere is the goodness of his own heart more apparent, than in the delight with which he dwells upon those few happy days, which sometimes break in like an unexpected gleam of sunshine upon the monotonous gloom of history ; entering into all the minuter details, and setting off the event and its hero, by some well-chosen anecdote or apposite reflection.

Of his style we have, perhaps, already said enough. Puri-

ty of diction, richness, variety, and an almost intuitive adaptation of construction and of language to the changes of the subject, are its leading characteristics. The variety of his terms is wonderful ; and no one, who has not read him with attention, can form a correct idea of the power and inexhaustible resources of the Italian. A simple narrator, an exciting orator, soft, winning, stern, satirical at will, consummate master of all the secrets of art, he seems to us to have carried many parts of historical composition to a very high pitch of perfection ; and, if in some he appear less satisfactory, it is because he falls below the standard that we have formed from his own writings, rather than any that we have derived from those of others.

The “ History of the Kingdom of Naples,” by Pietro Colletta, was published at Capolago, in 1834, in two volumes, octavo. This work comprises the space of nearly one hundred years, from 1734 to 1825. Colletta, like Botta, was an eyewitness and an actor in many of the scenes that he describes. His youth, also, was passed in the turbulence of revolution, was equally checkered with the vicissitude of prosperous and of adverse fortune, and his days closed in poverty and in exile. Happier in one thing than Botta, that the spot of his exile was less distant from that of his nativity, and his last years were passed under the sky of Italy ; but still his home was Naples, —

“ e chi vi nacque  
Sotto qual cielo non senti l' esiglio ?”

The life of Colletta has been written by his friend and editor, and with so much eloquence, both of philosophy and of feeling, that none would venture to abridge, few to translate it. Referring our readers to that exquisite sketch, we shall confine our remarks to his literary character.

The “ History of Naples ” by Giannone, one of the most remarkable productions ever published, since it accomplished fully the purpose for which it was composed, terminates with the death of Charles the Second, in 1700. Colletta, after a rapid sketch of the events of the first thirty-three years of the eighteenth century, enters upon a full narration, with the conquest of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily by Charles Bourbon. This period in the history of Naples was full of momentous changes. The passage from the government of a



viceroy to that of a resident sovereign ; reforms in the laws, in the usages, in the whole civil state, of the nation, and hence a new and more enlarged system of foreign intercourse ; a remarkable developement of individual genius ; a constant struggle, in short, between two adverse forms of civilization ; together with the convulsions, the public and private desolation, of five revolutions ; such is the theme which he has treated in the two volumes of his “*History of Naples.*” To say that he has done it well, that he has studied it profoundly and in detail, that he has entered deeply into the spirit of the events and of the men, would be but meagre praise. He brought to his undertaking the highest qualifications that an historian can possess ; — a mind formed in the school of experience and of adversity ; an indomitable will ; a clear perception of causes and of general principles ; patience and assiduity in the search of truth, and a heart to kindle and to glow in the narration of it.

His narrative is distinct and animated, but not flowing nor always easy. His descriptions, on the contrary, are always animated and natural. His military descriptions, in particular, are written with the feeling of a soldier and the science of a profound tactician. He paints to the life, and, in all his delineations of individual character, you see the quick eye of a man long skilled in reading the secret workings of the heart. But the strongest portions of his work are the admirable passages which he has devoted to a minute description of the wants and reforms of the state. No historian ever felt more deeply the importance of interweaving the history of civilization with the whole course of his narration, and thus giving at one view the results as well as the march of history. In the writings of Colletta, you not only see what men were, but why they were so ; not the naked act, but its cause and its consequences. Thus, every science connected with history (and which of the moral and political sciences has not its sources there ?) will find both principles and illustrations in this wonderful work. His style is pure, and remarkable for its terseness and its energy. Peculiarly his own, formed upon no model, nor formed, indeed, until the necessity of writing compelled him to turn his attention to the study of language, it bears the impress of his mind, and reveals in every sentence the stern, prompt energy and commanding dignity of his character.

We are compelled to pass over many other historical works belonging to the same period ; — the “ Commentaries ” of Papi on the French Revolution, in which the great events of modern story are narrated with impartiality, and with no ordinary share of feeling and of philosophy ; the “ History of Liguria,” by Serra ; the same subject treated by Varese ; and an infinity of other civil and military histories, to say nothing of the histories of literature and of the arts, of sculpture by Cicognara, of Italian painting by Lanzi, of Italian literature by Corniani and Ugoni, and numerous other productions of different degrees of merit, but of which the catalogue alone shows to what extent the study of history has flourished in Italy during the epoch of which we have undertaken to speak.

The state of philosophical studies in Italy is another branch of our subject, which, whether it be considered as a token of the present, or as an earnest of the future, is deserving of profound attention. Much misrepresentation prevails in foreign countries with regard to the state of letters in Italy ; but upon no department of study have grosser errors been promulgated than upon this. Some writers of the modern French school claim for themselves the merit of having introduced into the Peninsula the doctrines which prevail there ; and, by a gross anachronism, attribute to the works of Cousin the honor of having given rise to a school, some of whose best productions had been published five years before that eloquent professor made the first exposition of his doctrines from his chair in the University of Paris ; and Cousin himself, with a haste, excusable, perhaps, in so successful a teacher, represents the future philosophy of Italy as wholly dependent upon the direction it may receive from France. The circulation of such opinions, bearing with them the sanction of a name of so much pretension in the philosophical world, will be a sufficient excuse for the minuteness of some portions of the following remarks.

The study of philosophy in Italy, during the first fifteen years of the present century, was for the most part limited to the school of Condillac. The ideology of De Tracy, so remarkable for its distinctness and simplicity, and so attractive from the apparent facility with which it solves the most important questions, was considered as the best exposition of the principles of the school to which he belonged, and very generally studied. In the schools, Soave continued to hold

his place, and scarce any ventured beyond a bare analysis of ideas. But this order of things could not last long. A nation so acute and so profound, could not fail to bring their principles to the test, both by carrying them out to their remote consequences, and by considering them in their connexion with other sciences. The old school of their native philosophers had left its traces too deeply impressed on all the greatest productions of their literature, to admit of their long forgetting a method so just, and principles so comprehensive and so sublime. As early as 1803, the theories of the schools of Locke and of Kant were attacked by Tamburini, so far as they relate to the fundamental doctrines of moral philosophy ; and, in a work published in 1823, the same author has touched with rare judgment upon the great question of the possible perfection of the human race, which is so warmly agitated at this moment.

But the full revival of philosophical studies in Italy dates from 1815, and received its first impulse, though not its doctrines, from abroad, and more particularly from the efforts made in France to overthrow the school of Condillac. From that period, its progress has been constant and rapid, and it already counts numerous productions of a very high order, and which, while belonging to different schools, have too many of the characteristic attributes of the Italian mind about them, to be confounded with those of any other people. We hardly need observe, to those who are at all conversant with philosophical disquisition, that it will be impossible to compress within the limits of a few pages, even a succinct analysis of the principles of these different schools. The utmost that we can offer will be a sort of bibliographical catalogue of the principal leaders, with here and there a hasty sketch of their doctrines. A somewhat clearer idea may be given by following the classification of Poli, whose admirable work we are happy to cite as giving authenticity to this difficult portion of our subject.\*

The first class is that of *positive* and *negative eclectics*, or *empirical rationalists* ; to which belong Tamburini, Galuppi, Poli, and many others, who, however much they may differ in the details of their systems, agree in the fundamental principles of eclecticism. The most distinguished writer of the school is the Baron Pasquale Galuppi, a native of Tropea, in

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\* Baldassare Poli, *Supplementi al Manuale di Tenneman.*

Calabria, now professor in the Royal University of Naples. The works of Galuppi are numerous and extensive, but all written with one view, the discussion of the most important questions of philosophy. His first publication was the “Saggio filosofico sulla Critica della Conoscenza,” in which he has entered into a full examination of the two fundamental questions of philosophy ; the possibility and the nature of our knowledge. In reply to the first query, he demonstrates the possibility of our knowledge, confuting at length the sophistry of the skeptical school, and proving that this knowledge is acquired by means of the intellectual faculties, which are the source of our ideas, and that the mind arrives at the truth, when it assents to or denies any thing by force of a deciding motive.

He gives a full analysis of the intellectual phenomena, deducing from it as a general result the reality of our knowledge, and the consequent falseness of skepticism. Having established this point, he goes on to show how we pass, in the acquisition of knowledge, from the world of thought to that of positive existence. As a connecting point between them he admits the existence of *universal ideas*, neither purely empirical nor to be deduced from the principles *à priori* of Kant, but from the subjectiveness of the mind, and as classed among its original laws ; how we form, by means of these, analytical judgments or principles, without the necessity of calling in the aid of innate ideas ; and in opposition to the theory of *synthetical judgments à priori* of Kant ; and how they may all be reduced to two orders of knowledge or of truth ; the one of existence, the other of reason. The first class presupposes the application of rational truths to the data of experience ; the second serves as a basis for truths acquired by induction. He thus differs, both from the empirical school, which entirely separates reason from existence ; and from the ideal, which draws a dividing line between the ideal and the sensible. He shows, that, though all our judgments are identical, they serve to enlarge the sphere of our knowledge ; that by the application of the principle of causality to an existence which is purely experimental, we obtain the knowledge of others that are real ; that there are two species of sensibility ; the one internal, perceptive of the *ego* and its modifications ; the other external and perceptive of external objects ; whence to say, “ I feel, but do not feel any thing,” is an evident contradiction.

In the second part, he attempts to define the limits of human knowledge ; showing that we are ignorant of the essence of things ; that we can never know how efficient causes act ; can never know the nature of the Divinity ; nor how beings produce in themselves or in others certain given modifications.

The “ Elements of Philosophy ” contain the same principles, though differently expressed. They are divided into Logic, Psychology, Ideology, Ethics, and Natural Theology. In his “ Logic ” he first shows, that every process of reasoning is composed of judgments ; that these are either empirical or metaphysical ; the first, requiring an exact examination of particular cases ; the second, based upon a comparison of our own ideas. Hence a division of reasoning into pure, empirical, or mixed ; empirical reasoning being reducible to the last head ; and, consequently, a division of logic, the science of reasoning, into pure, or the logic of ideas, and mixed, or the logic of facts. But, as the second of these requires a previous study of the manner in which the mind acquires its knowledge of facts, or in other words, passes from the world of thought to the world of existence, it can only be treated after metaphysics, the science in which the mode and the nature of that passage is explained ; the first, being confined to a simple comparison of pure ideas, may be studied without the aid of metaphysics. He then passes to some further observations upon the nature of reasoning ; explains axioms ; shows that they are all founded upon the principle of contradiction ; refutes the *synthesis à priori* of Kant ; treats of definitions, and gives the genesis of universals. He next enters into a full analysis of the process of reasoning ; and, after proving that it always consists of three judgments, and is subject to one general law, requiring that there be one idea in common to the premises and to the conclusion, and a judgment affirming the identity, either partial or perfect, of the other two ideas, he shows how a process of reasoning is instructive ; 1st, inasmuch as it serves to arrange and classify our knowledge ; 2dly, as it leads to some kinds of knowledge which could not be acquired without it ; and 3dly, that, although it be founded upon the principle of identity, it becomes a source of knowledge, by leading to the discovery of those relations between our ideas, which could not be ascertained except through the medium of such a process. The last three chapters are devoted to an explanation of the different forms of reasoning, and to a luminous discussion of method.

Logic, as he has treated it, becomes a stepping-stone to psychology, in which he develops at length his system of the faculties of the mind. These are sensibility, consciousness, imagination, analysis, synthesis, desire, and will. The first three supply the subjects of thought ; analysis and synthesis are the faculties by means of which the mind acts upon these subjects ; will stimulated by desire serves as the guide and director of this action. Each branch of these subjects is treated with great clearness and detail ; and the whole is interspersed with important practical observations upon attention, the association of ideas, the different forms of synthesis, memory, and the acquired habits of the mind. In the chapter upon sleep and dreaming he proves, in opposition to Stewart, that the exercise of the will is suspended during sleep. He adds, also, some interesting remarks upon dreams and somnambulism. In the last chapter he subjects to a rigorous examination the doctrines of Condillac upon the intellectual powers.

From psychology he passes to ideology, or the doctrine of the origin and generation of our ideas, analyzes the ideas of mind, of body, of unity, of number, of a whole, of identity, of diversity, of substance, of accident, of cause, of effect, of time, of space, of the universe, and of God ; he points out some leading errors in the current systems of ontology, and, in an admirable chapter upon the influence of words in the formation of our ideas, establishes the principles of general grammar.

In the fourth part of his course he treats of mixed logic, showing first the reality of our knowledge ; explaining at length the nature of mixed reasoning ; and solving the principal questions connected with it. He distinguishes primitive from secondary experience, and points out the foundation of moral certainty, taking occasion, at the same time, to treat some of the most interesting questions of the philosophy of signs. He discourses with great fulness and distinctness upon the origin of error ; and, after treating of the doctrines of probabilities and hypotheses, explains and discusses the system of Kant. A treatise upon moral philosophy, and one on natural theology, in which he demonstrates the truth of Christianity, conclude the course ; the whole of which is written with clearness, warmth, and unaffected simplicity. Besides a full statement and discussion of his own principles, he has

interwoven admirable sketches of the doctrines of other philosophers, thus treating all the questions of philosophy upon the broadest scale.\* The “*Lettere Filosofiche*” display a profound knowledge of the writings of the great philosophers of modern times. The work is perhaps, as far as it goes, the most perfect specimen of philosophical history ever written.

Of the other writers of this class we have not space to speak in detail. The most distinguished is probably Baldassare Poli, who, besides various other important productions, has added a supplement to the manual of Tenneman, in which he has filled, with singular profundity of research, and clearness of exposition, the numerous *lacunes* of the German historian.

In passing to the school of empirics, our sketch necessarily becomes more hasty and general.

Giandomenico Romagnosi, who held during a long life the first rank among the thinkers of Italy, and left behind him a school of enthusiastic disciples, was born in the village of Salso Maggiore, on the night of the 13th of December, 1761. His father, having himself filled with brilliant success several important public situations, resolved to prepare him from his childhood for the same career. Accordingly, as soon as he was judged capable of entering upon the usual routine of the schools, he was put to his Latin grammar, and, that he might accustom himself betimes to close application, made to study eight hours a day. The highest praise that can be given to the natural vigor of his intellect may be drawn from this circumstance; for neither his mind nor his spirits were broken by this harsh initiation into the mysteries of science. At the age of fourteen, he was admitted to the Alberoni college of Piacenza, where a fortunate casualty threw in his way a work, that seemed to give an instantaneous developement to all his intellectual faculties, and decide at once his whole future career. This was the analytical essay of Bonnet upon the faculties of the mind. Romagnosi devoted himself to the study of this volume with all the fervor of youthful enthusiasm. A new world seemed to have opened upon him. He read and he meditated. He compared the observations of his author with the suggestions of his own experience; he studied, in short, as the young student studies, when he meets,

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\* It may be necessary to observe, that we have employed, in preparing this hasty analysis, the last edition of the elements; which differs from all others in several particulars, the most important of which is the addition of the treatise of Natural Religion.

for the first time, a work that embodies and gives form and expression to his own indefinite but eager fancies. It would be long to repeat the wonders, that are told of his subsequent application and progress ; of his passion for the natural sciences ; of his astonishing feats of memory, and the still more astonishing efforts of reason which he made, until the publication, at the age of thirty, of his “ *Genesi del Diritto Penale* ” placed him in the rank which he ever afterwards continued to hold among the most vigorous and exact reasoners of the age. Neither shall we attempt to follow the vicissitudes of his fortunes, through all the various offices that he filled. The history of his life, to be written satisfactorily, should be accompanied by an analysis of his works, in the order in which they were written; for it is little else than the history of his mind.

For our immediate purpose, it will be sufficient to say, that his time, until about the period of the suppression of the kingdom of Italy, was divided between private study and the performance of public duties. He filled chairs at Parma, at Pavia, and at Milan, as public professor ; presided at the formation of the penal code for the kingdom of Italy ; was called to aid the reforms of government in several of the most interesting conjunctures ; and finally closed his laborious career at Milan, in poverty and in retirement, in the month of June, 1835. His death-bed was surrounded by the children of his intellect, his devoted disciples ; and the last words, that were audible in the agony of his death-struggle, were, “ Smith — *buona dottrina.* ”

The chief claim of Romagnosi to a place among the great intellects of his age, is founded upon his merits as a civil and political philosopher. His “ *Genesi del Diritto Penale*,” his “ *Introduzione allo Studio del Diritto Publico Universale*,” his treatise “ *Dell’ Indole e de’ Fattori dell’ Incivilimento*,” are imperishable monuments of the vigor of his intellect, and of the depth of his learning. It was only towards the close of his life that he began to write upon the philosophy of the mind, and his contributions to this department of human knowledge bear in number no proportion to his other writings. But the depth of his views, the closeness of his reasoning, the positive, practical turn of his thought, give to these few productions a degree of importance which is often



wanting to the voluminous and fanciful theories of modern philosophers.

Melchiorre Gioja, who was born at Piacenza in 1767, and died at Milan in 1829, imbibed, like Romagnosi, his taste for philosophy, from the essay of Bonnet. The habits of close observation, and of patient thinking, which he thus acquired, influenced the composition of all his works, and were at once the consequence and the cause of his rigid adhesion to the experimental method. But, although he has written at length upon several branches of intellectual philosophy, it is mainly as an economist that he claims the attention of posterity. In this department his merit is of the highest order ; and the literature of no nation can boast a work so daring in its design, so exact and so complete in its execution, as his “ *Prospetto delle Scienze Economiche.*”

The Cavalier Pasquale Borrelli, better known by the assumed name of Lallebasque, deserves also to be classed among the most successful of those who have engaged, under the standard of the experimental method, in the boundless field of philosophy, inquiry, and discussion. His doctrines are contained in his “ *Introduzione alla Filosofia Naturale del Pensiero,*” and his “ *Principj della Genealogia del Pensiero,*” in which he has undertaken to trace the action of reasoning, and assign the principles upon which it is founded. Another important work of this author is his treatise on Etymology, in which he reduces the principles of this difficult art to the clearness and order of a science. He divides languages into radical and productive ; seeks the primitive origin of words in the causes of their changes, and passage from one language to another (which causes he reduces to four, *imitation, necessity, convenience, and arbitrary will*) ; and points out two methods for the investigation of radicals ; one *direct*, consisting in an historical research of the people that held communication with those whose language we propose to study ; the other *inverse*, which consists in seeking, in the derived language itself, a knowledge of those which have concurred in its formation.

The treatise of the Count Mamiani della Rovere, entitled “ *Del Rinnovamento dell’ Antica Filosofia Italiana,*” was composed for one of the noblest purposes that can guide the researches of a philosopher ; that is, to show the possibility of arriving at positive conclusions in the science of mind and

the consequent certainty of the foundations on which our belief and our dearest hopes repose. He attributes the prevalence of so many discordant opinions in philosophy, not to the science itself, but to the methods employed in the investigation of it ; and proposes to the discussion of philosophers, as the first and most important problem in the present state of the science, “ to deduce, from a profound examination of the subject and aim of philosophy, the special modifications and proper uses to which the common doctrines of the natural method should be subjected.” In tracing the characteristic attributes of this method, he shows that it originated in Italy ; and that, consequently, a renewal of the ancient Italian philosophy would be the first step towards its establishment. From the exposition and history of this method he passes to the application of it, proving first the reality of the objects of human knowledge, each taken by itself ; and their reality as connected and referring one to another.

The most distinguished writer of the school of rationalists or idealists is the Abbé Rosmini, author of the “ *Nuovo Saggio sull’ Origine delle Idee.*” According to Rosmini, all our conceptions are formed by means of one universal predicate, from which all others derive their efficacy. This predicate is the idea of being (*dell’ ente*) ; an idea anterior to any act of thought, and which refers solely to the possibility of particular existences. His theory is based upon two theorems ; 1st. That the act of thought requires the idea of existence (*dell’ essere*) ; 2d. That the idea of being (*dell’ ente*) is not derived either from the senses, or from consciousness, or from reflection (in the sense in which it is used by Locke), neither can it originate with the act of perception ; consequently it must be innate. The first part of the essay of Rosmini is devoted to a discussion and examination of the philosophical theories that preceded his own, and is important as a record of what the great men of different ages and different countries have thought and said upon this interesting science. The whole is replete with new and striking ideas.

The supernatural school has likewise found followers in Italy, and boasts some names of well-earned celebrity ; but thus far its influence has been slight, and the number of its proselytes small.

The history of the application of these methods of philosophical investigation to some of the principal questions of art and of science would furnish materials scarcely less ample than those which we have compressed into the pages of the present review. The theories of pleasure, of beauty, the leading questions of taste, have been treated with more or less acuteness and profoundness, and with sufficient success to demonstrate the importance of these subtle but ennobling researches. The science of history, has of all others, been the most successful; and the country of Vico has found among her own children the best expositor of the abstruse doctrines of this Homer of philosophy, and the minds worthiest of treading in the path which he had opened. Nor in the science of education, the most important of all, since it not only characterizes the present but decides for the future, have the principles of a profound philosophy been less successfully applied. Were there no other name beside that of Lambruschini, this alone would deserve to be loved and revered as far as the influence of his pure and elevated philanthropy extends.

Hasty and superficial as the preceding sketches are,\* they contain, at least, enough to prove the correctness of our original position, and show how much error must necessarily enter into the judgments of those who study nations in the deceptive mirror of artificial life. Could we have carried out our inquiries into every branch in which the innate ac-

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\* There are two omissions in this essay which will be particularly noticed. We have undertaken to give a sketch, rapid and concise it is true, but nevertheless a sketch, of the real state and apparent direction of studies in Italy during the first thirty-eight years of the present century, and yet we have said nothing of poetry, or of the natural sciences, and have hurried over the works of Romagnosi, Gioja, and several others, from the analysis of whose productions a better idea of the reach of the Italian mind might be derived than from almost any other source. The name of Jannelli is not even mentioned, and Balbi, one of the best geographical and statistical writers of the age, is treated with the same neglect. What shall we say of the periodical literature of Italy, of the "*Corografia Italiana*," — in short, of all our omissions? We can only say, that in our choice, both of subjects and of names, we have been guided by the best judgment we could form after long and mature reflection; and that we have omitted much that it was originally our intention to introduce, from the impossibility of doing justice to so many names, without trespassing too far beyond the bounds of a single article. For the same reason, we have avoided citing authorities, and should have cut short our biographical sketches, had we not thought, that a knowledge of the obstacles against which a writer has to contend, is one of the best guides to a correct judgment of his works.

tivity of Italian intellect has exerted itself; could we have spoken of science in the age of La Grange, of Cagnoli, of Piazzzi, of Galvani, of Volta; of archealogy, where the dust of Visconti and Sestini is still warm with the recent pulsations of life; of poetry, with the works of a Monti, a Pindemonti, a Foscolo, a Niccolini, a Manzoni before us; of that indomitable energy and pure thirst after knowledge, which supported a Belzoni and a Rosellini in their daring and painful quest of the mysteries of Egyptian lore; of music, of a Rosini, a Bellini, a Donizzetti; of art, of a Canova, a Tennerani, a Bartolini; what force and what evidence might we not have given to our estimate of the Italian mind? And yet this is the land which has been painted as the home of bandits and of beggars; a corpse, decked indeed with flowers, and preserving still some traces of its former loveliness, but exhaling from every pore the loathsome testimonials of crumbling mortality. How easily do we forget what is due to the past! The contributions of science, the embellishments of art, all that conduces to the security or to the elegance of life, is sought after and jealously preserved. But, contented with the momentary fruition, we take no account of the toils and sacrifices of those to whom we are indebted for the gift. Forgetful of Galvani or of Volta, the chemist pursues the daily application of their sublime discoveries; and how few of those, who gaze upon the pale orb of Ceres, can tell whose eye first detected its march amid the glittering train, that waits upon its silent revolutions?

Were we to attempt to paint Italy as we ourselves have found it, — and in speaking of a subject like this, where individual testimony is made the standard of judgment, the reader will excuse us if we attempt to throw our own experience into the scale, — we would lead the traveller, not merely through the highways and cities of the Peninsula, but through its remote districts and paths seldom trodden by the stranger. We would ask him to loiter with us by the wayside, while we listened to the conversation or replied to the queries of the peasantry; to seat himself at their humble board and share their meal with the relish, which a sincere and heartfelt welcome gives it. We would have him mingle with the different classes of society until he had acquired enough of their tone of thought and of feeling, to find his way into their more

retired circles, and see the examples of affection, of sincerity, of stern conscientiousness, which abound there. We would then ask him to turn with us to the dark record, which contains the last four centuries of Italian history. We would show him on one side, a country parcelled out into petty states, some of them a prey to domestic oppression, some to the avidity of foreign dominion ; the spirit of liberty, and all that could contribute to its developement, cautiously suppressed ; local jealousies nourished, until that very division, which had once been among the greatest stimulants to the general developement of mind, had been converted into one of the most powerful instruments for its oppression ; and, when he had considered well this state of things and weighed for himself its influence and its necessary consequences, we would withdraw the veil from the other side of the picture. He should there see art, literature, science, springing into life from the very bosom of death. He should see mind, circumscribed or cut off from one sphere of action, turning with irrepressible energy to another ; the brightest beams of science irradiating the darkness of a dungeon ; the boldest flights of poetry and of philosophy winged from a garret or from a cottage ; the fondest hopes of life, and life itself, offered up a willing sacrifice at the shrine of scientific truth or of historical sincerity ; and then would we close our volume, and leave the decision to his own conscience.

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ART. II. — *An Historical Memoir of the Colony of New Plymouth.* Vol. II. Parts II. III. IV. By FRANCIS BAYLIES. Boston : Hilliard, Gray, Little, & Wilkins. 1833. 8vo. pp. 286, 193, 170.

WE are happy to infer, from various signs, that a new interest is awakened in the study of the early history of these now United States. The brilliant events of the Revolution, and the exciting topics, which had their origin in the formation of a new government, subsequent to the establishment of independence, seemed for a number of years to absorb almost the whole of

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## ERRATUM.

Page 308, note, read *North American Review*, Vol. XLVI. p. 357 *et seq.*